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EARL OF WARWICK.

Scene V



L. Wilde pin.

Autist scul.

M^{rs} WHITELOCK as MARGARET.

*From my breast I drew
A poignard forth and plung'd it in his heart.*

London. Printed for J. Bell British Library, Strand. Oct 6 1793.

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THE EARL OF WARWICK.

A
TRAGEDY,
BY DR. FRANKLIN.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by Inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

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LONDON:

1860

THE EARL OF WARWICK.

THE present play is a translation by Dr. FRANKLIN the *Grecian*, from a tragedy written in French by M. DE LA HARPE. Paul Hiffernan, in the same year, 1767, also published a translation—We have not compared their productions.

It will be visible that the manners are not those of the period when the action passes, and that the whole play is in the *verbose* style.—The contest of insult between EDWARD and WARWICK is in great request among our juvenile declaimers.

The excellence of Mrs. YATES in *Franklin's* play secured its success—it is now, however, seldom played, sharing the fate of all French literal translations.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

SEVERE each poet's lot; but sure most hard
Is the condition of the play-house bard:
Doom'd to hear all that won'd-be critics talk,
And in the go-cart of dull rules to walk!
'Yet authors multiply,' you say. 'Tis true,
But what a numerous crop of critics too!
Scholars alone of old durst judge and write;
But now each journalist turns stagyrite.
Quintalians in each coffee-house you meet,
And many a Longinus walks the street.

In Shakspeare's days, when his advent'rous muse,
A muse of fire! durst each bold licence use,
Her noble ardor met no critic's phlegm,
To check wild fancy, or her flights condemn:
Ariels and Calibans, unblam'd she drew,
Or goblins, ghosts, and witches, brought to view.
If to historic truth she shap'd her verse,
A nation's annals freely she'd rehearse;
Bring Rome's or England's story on the stage,
And run, in three hours, through half an age.



*Our bard, all terror-struck, and fill'd with dread,
In Shakspeare's awful footsteps dares not tread;
Through the wide field of hist'ry fears to stray,
And builds upon one narrow spot his play;
Steps not from realm to realm, whole seas between,
But barely changes twice or thrice his scene:
While Shakspeare vaults on the poetic wire,
And pleas'd spectators fearfully admire,
Our bard, a critic pole between his hands,
On the tight-rope, scarce balanc'd, trembling stands;
Slowly and cautiously his way he makes,
And fears to fall at every step he takes:
While then fierce Warwick he before you brings,
That setter-up and puller-down of kings,
With British candour dissipate his fear!
An English story fits an English ear.
Though harsh and crude you deem his first essay,
A second may your favours well repay:
Applause may nerve his verse, and cheer his heart,
And teach the practice of this dangerous art.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

King EDWARD,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
Earl of WARWICK,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Smith.
Earl of PEMBROKE,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
Earl of SUFFOLK,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Packer.

Women.

MARGARET of ANJOU,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Siddons.
Lady ELIZABETH GRAY,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Kemble.
Lady CLIFFORD,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Tidswell.

Officers, Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE, The Palace.





THE EARL OF WARWICK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Palace. Enter MARGARET of ANJOU, and Lady CLIFFORD.

Lady Clifford.

THANKS! gracious Heav'n, my royal mistress smiles,
Unusual gladness sparkles in her eye,
And bids me welcome in the stranger joy
To his new mansion.

Marg. Yes, my faithful Clifford,
Fortune is weary of oppressing me :
Thro' my dark cloud of grief, a cheerful ray
Of light breaks forth, and gilds the whole horizon.

Cliff. Henry in chains, and Edward on the throne
Of Lancaster, thyself a pris'ner here,
Thy captive son torn from his mother's arms,
And in the tyrant's power ; a kingdom lost :
Amidst so many sorrows, what new hope
Hath wrought this wondrous change ?

Marg. That which alone,
 In sorrow's bitt'rest hour, can minister
 Sweet comfort to the daughters of affliction,
 And bid misfortune smile, the hope of vengeance :
 Vengeance, benignant patron of distress,
 Thee I have oft invoked, propitious now
 Thou smil'st upon me, if I do not grasp
 The glorious opportunity, henceforth
 Indignant frown, and leave me to my fate!

Cliff. Unhappy princess! that deceiver hope
 Hath often flatter'd, and as oft betray'd thee :
 What hast thou gain'd by all its promises ?
 What's the reward of all thy toils ?

Marg. Experience——
 Yes, Clifford, I have read th' instructive volume
 Of human nature, there long since have learn'd
 The way to conquer men is by their passions ;
 Catch but the ruling foible of their hearts,
 And all their boasted virtues shrink before you.
 Edward and Warwick, those detested names,
 Too well thou know'st, united to destroy me.

Cliff. That was indeed a fatal league.

Marg. But mark me ;
 If we could break this adamant chain,
 We might again be free : this mighty warrior,
 This dread of kings, th' unconquerable Warwick,
 Is plighted to the fair Elizabeth.

Cliff. The Lady Gray, you mean, the beauteous
 widow,
 Whose husband fell in arms for Lancaster.



Marg. The same, my Clifford—Warwick long has
lov'd—

Cliff. And means to wed her.

Marg. But if I have art,
Or she ambition, that shall never be.

Cliff. Canst thou prevent it?

Marg. Yes, my Clifford, Warwick
Were a mean choice for such transcendent beauty ;
I shall provide her with a fitter husband,
A nobler far, and worthier of her charms—
Young Edward——

Cliff. Ha! the king! impossible!
Warwick, ev'n now, commission'd by the state,
To treat with Lewis, offers England's throne
To France's daughter, and e'er this, perhaps,
Hath sign'd the solemn contract.

Marg. Solemn trifles!
Mere cobweb ties—Love's a despotic tyrant,
And laughs, like other kings, at public faith,
When it opposes private happiness :
Edward is youthful, gay, and amorous ;
His soul is ever open to the lure
Of beauty, and Elizabeth hath charms
Might shake a hermit's virtue.

Cliff. Hath he seen
This peerless fair one?

Marg. Yes—by my contrivance,
When last he hunted in the forest, some,
Whom I had planted there, as if by chance
Alone directed, led him cross the lawn

To Grafton, there—ev'n as my soul had wish'd,
The dazzling lustre of her charms surpris'd
His unsuspecting heart——

Cliff. What follow'd ?

Marg. O !

He gaz'd and wonder'd ; for awhile his pride
Indignant rose, and struggled with his passion,
But love was soon victorious : and last night,
The Earl of Suffolk, so my trusty spies
Inform me, was dispatch'd on wings of love,
To plead his master's cause, and offer her
The throne of England.

Cliff. What if she refuse
The golden bribe ?

Marg. No matter ; all I wish
Is but to make them foes ; the gen'rous Warwick
Is fiery, and impatient of reproof,
He will not brook a rival in his love,
Tho' seated on a throne ; besides, thou know'st,
The haughty earl looks down with scorn on Edward,
As the mere work of his all-powerful hand,
The baby monarch of his own creation.

Cliff. Believe me, madam, Edward still reveres
And loves him, still as conscious of the debt,
Pays him with trust and confidence ; their souls
Are link'd together in the strictest bonds
Of sacred friendship.

Marg. That but serves my cause :
Where ties are close, and interests united,
The slightest inj'ries are severely felt ;
Offended friendship never can forgive.

Cliff. Now the full prospect opens to my view,
I see thy distant aim, and trace the paths
Of vengeance : England soon will be a scene
Of blood and horror, discord's fatal torch
Once lit up in this devoted land,
What pow'r shall e'er extinguish it ? Alas !
I tremble at the consequence.

Marg. And I

Enjoy it :—O ! 'twill be a noble contest
Of pride 'gainst pride, oppression 'gainst oppression ;
Rise but the storm, and let the waves beat high,
The wreck may be our own : in the warm struggle,
Who knows but one or both of them may fall,
And Marg'ret rise triumphant on their ruin !
It must be so ; and see, the king approaches :
This way he passes from the council—Mark
His down-cast eye, he is a stricken deer,
The arrow's in his side—he cannot 'scape ;
We'll meet and speak to him.

Cliff. What mean you, madam ?

Marg. To ask him—what, I know, he will refuse ;
That gives me fair pretext to break with him,
And join the man I hate, vindictive Warwick ;
But soft, he comes——

SCENE II.

Enter King EDWARD, and an Officer.

Edw. Is Suffolk yet return'd ?

[*To an Officer.*

Off. No, my good liege.

Edw. Go, wait and bring him to me. [Exit Off.
I'll to my closet. Pardon me, fair lady,
I saw you not.

Marg. Perhaps it is beneath
A conqu'ror to look down upon his slave ;
But I've a boon to ask.

Edw. Whate'er it is,
Within the limits of fair courtesy,
Which honour can bestow, I'll not refuse thee.

Marg. There was a time when Margaret of Anjou
Would not have deign'd to ask of Edward aught ;
Nor was there aught which Edward dar'd refuse her ;
But that is past, great Warwick's arm prevail'd,
And I am now your pris'ner.

Edw. Since the hour,
When fortune smil'd propitious on the cause
Of justice, and gave vict'ry to our arms,
You have been treated with all due respect,
All your condition, or your sex could claim ;
Serv'd like a queen, and lodg'd within our palace :
Is there aught more you can with reason ask,
Or I in prudence grant you ?

Marg. Give me back
The liberty I lost—restore my son,
And I may then, perhaps, be reconcil'd
To an usurper, may with-hold my vengeance,
And let thee sit unpunish'd on—my throne.

Edw. You talk too proudly, madam ; but to shew
you
I cannot fear, you have your liberty.

Letters this morning I receiv'd from France,
Have offer'd noble ransom for your person ;
Without that ransom—for the soul of Edward
Is far above the sordid lust of gold,
I grant it—from this moment you are free ;
But for your son—I cannot part with him.

Marg. I scorn your bounties, scorn your proffer'd
freedom,

What's liberty to me without my child ?
But fate will place us soon above thy reach,
Thy short-liv'd tyranny is almost past,
The storm is gath'ring round thee, and will burst
With ten-fold vengeance on thy guilty head.

Edw. I am not to be talk'd into submission,
Nor dread the menace of a clam'rous woman.

Marg. Thou may'st have cause to dread a woman's
pow'r.

The time may come—mark my prophetic word—
When wayward beauty shall repay with scorn
Thy fruitless vows, and vindicate my wrongs :
The friend thou lean'st on, like a broken reed,
Shall pierce thy side, and fill thy soul with anguish,
Keen as the pangs I feel : York's perjur'd house
Shall sink to rise no more, and Lancaster
With added lustre re-assume the throne.
Hear this and tremble—give me back my son—
Or dread the vengeance of a desp'rate mother.

[Exit Margaret.]

SCENE III.

Edw. Imperious woman! but the voice of woe
Is ever clam'rous: 'tis the privilege,
The charter of affliction to complain.—
This tardy Suffolk! how I long to know,
Yet dread to hear my fate! Elizabeth,
On thee the colour of my future life
Depends, for thou alone canst make me blest,
Or curs'd for ever!—O! this cruel doubt
Is worse than all my tortures: but he comes,
Th' ambassador of love.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Earl of SUFFOLK.

Edw. What news, my Suffolk!
Shall I be happy? O! I'm on the rack
Of expectation, didst thou tell my tale
As if it were thy own, and may I hope—

Suff. My royal liege—

Edw. Good Suffolk, lay aside
The forms of dull respect, be brief, and tell me,
Speak, hast thou seen her? Will she be my queen?
Quick, tell me ev'ry circumstance, each word,
Each look, each gesture: didst thou mark them,
Suffolk?

Suff. I did, and will recount it all; last night

By your command, in secret I repair'd
To Grafton's tufted bow'r, the happy seat
Of innocence and beauty, there I found
Thy soul's best hope, the fair Elizabeth;
Ne'er did these eyes behold such sweet perfection:
I found her busy'd in the pious office
Of filial duty, tending her sick father.

Edw. That was a lucky moment, to prefer
My humble suit: touch but the tender string
Of soft compassion in the heart, and love
Will quickly vibrate to its kindred passion;
You urg'd our royal purpose, then?

Suff. I did,
With all the warmth of friendship, dwelt with pleasure
On ev'ry princely virtue that adorns
Your noble heart; she listen'd with attention,
And echo'd back your praises.

Edw. Was not that
A kind propitious omen?

Suff. Such indeed
Hoping to find it, I call'd in the pow'rs
Of flattery to my aid, and gaz'd upon her,
As if confounded by her dazzling beauties—
Conscious she smil'd; but when, at length, I spake
Of England's monarch sighing at her feet—
The crimson glow of modesty o'erspread
Her cheek, and gave new lustre to her charms:
She turn'd aside, and as she silently bow'd
Her doubtful thanks, I mark'd the pearly tear
Steal down its secret track, and from her breast

Heard a deep sigh, she struggled to conceal ;
 If I have any judgment, or can trace
 The hidden feelings of a woman's heart,
 Her's is already fix'd : I fear, my liege,
 With all that England, all that thou could'st give,
 The crown would sit but heavy on her brow.

Edw. Not heavier, Suffolk, than it sits on mine :
 My throne is irksome to me ; who would wish
 To be a sov'reign, when Elizabeth
 Prefers a subject ?—Then th' impetuous Warwick,
 His awful virtue will chastise my weakness.
 I dread his censure, dread his keen reproaches,
 And dread them more because they will be just.
 I've promis'd Lewis to espouse his daughter,
 To strengthen our alliance : would to heaven
 I had not ! if I seek this coy refuser,
 And break with France, Warwick will take th' alarm.
 If once offended, he's inexorable.

Suff. I know him well—Believe me, sir, the high
 And haughty spirit, when it meets rebuke,
 Is easiest check'd, and sinks into submission.
 Let him, my liege, who ventures to arraign
 His master's conduct, look into his own :
 There ever is a corner in the heart
 Open to folly ; Warwick is not free
 From human frailties.

Edw. No : ambition fires
 His noble breast, love triumphs over mine ;
 But well thou know'st, our eyes are ever open
 To other's faults, and shut against our own.

We seldom pity woes we ne'er experienc'd,
Or pardon weakness which we do not feel :
He is a hero.

Suff. Heroes are but men ;
I have some cause to think so—but of that
We'll talk another time : mean while, my liege,
I think Lord Warwick is a useful friend.

Edw. Aye, and a dangerous foe ; the people love,
To adoration love him ; if he falls
From his allegiance, crowds will follow him ;
England has long been rent by civil broils,
And fain would rest her in the arms of peace ;
Her wounds scarce clos'd, shall Edward open them,
And bid them bleed afresh : believe me, Suffolk,
I would not be the cause of new divisions
Amongst my people, for a thousand kingdoms.

Suff. 'Tis nobly said, and may thy grateful subjects,
Revere thy virtues, and reward thy love !

Edw. O! Suffolk, did they know but half the cares
That wait on royalty, they would not grudge
Their wretched master a few private hours
Of social happiness.—If France consents,
I am undone ; and Warwick hath ere this
Enslav'd me : curse on this state policy,
That binds us thus to love at second hand !
Who knows but he may link me to a wretch ;
Wed me to folly, ignorance, and pride,
Ill-nature, sickness, or deformity ;
And when I'm chain'd to mis'ry, coldly tell me,
To sooth my grief, 'twas for the public good.

Suff. How far you have commission'd him, I know
not,

But were I worthy to advise, my liege,
I would not be the dupe of his ambition,
But follow nature's dictates, and be happy.
England has charms besides Elizabeth's,
And beauties that——

Edw. No more ; my heart is fix'd
On her alone ; find out this pow'rful rival,
I charge thee, Suffolk : yet why wish to find,
What found will make me wretched ? were he bound
In cords of tend'rest friendship round my heart,
Dearer than Warwick, dearer than thyself,
Forgive me, but I fear I should abhor him.
O think on something that may yet be done,
To win her to my heart ere Warwick comes.

Suff. I hear he is expected every hour.

Edw. Grant heav'n some friendly storm may yet
retard him,
I dread his presence here.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My liege, the Earl
Of Warwick is arriv'd.

Edw. Ha ! when ? how ? where ?
Would he were bury'd in the rapid waves
That brought him hither ! comes he here to night ?

Mess. My liege, ere now he might have reach'd the palace,

But that the shouting multitudes press hard

On ev'ry side, and seem to worship him. [Exit.

SCENE V.

SUFFOLK, and EDWARD.

Suff. Such adoration
But ill befits the idol that receives it.

Edw. What's to be done? I cannot, must not see
him,

Till all is fix'd: once more, my best-lov'd Suffolk,

Try the soft arts of thy persuasive tongue:

What method canst thou think on, to evade

This promis'd marriage with ambitious France?

Suff. Summon your council, lay your thoughts be-
fore them,

Meet Warwick there, and urge a sov'reign's right,

To please himself in that which should concern

Himself alone—firm Buckingham and I

Will plead your cause against the haughty Warwick,

Whom I would treat with cold civility,

And distant state, which ever angers more

Resentful spirits than the warmth of passion.

Edw. 'Tis well advis'd:—mean time, if possible,

I will compose my troubled thoughts to rest:

Suffolk, adieu: if Warwick asks for me,

I am not well—I'm hunting in the forest—

I'm busy—stay—remember what I told you,
 Touching the earldom which I mean to give
 Her father; that may bring her to the court;
 You understand me, Suffolk—fare thee well.

SCENE VI.

Edw. Why should I dread to see the man I love—
 The man I rev'rence—Warwick is not chang'd,
 But Edward is—Suffolk, I know, abhors him—
 A fav'rite must be hated—if he urges
 This dreadful contract, I shall hate him too:
 I cannot live without Elizabeth:
 I'll think no more—if I must sacrifice
 My friendship or my love—the choice is made.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter WARWICK, speaking to an Officer.

Warwick.

'Tis well: I shall attend his highness' pleasure.

[Comes forward.]

Meet me i' th' council! Warwick might have claim'd
 A private audience—After all my toils,
 My perils in his service, 'tis a cold
 Unkind reception: some base whisperer,
 Some needy sycophant, perhaps, hath poison'd
 My royal master's ear—or, do I judge
 Too rashly? As my embassy concerns

The public welfare, he would honour me
 With public thanks—Elizabeth will chide me
 For this unkind delay—but honour calls,
 And duty to my king : that task perform'd,
 I haste, my love, to happiness and thee. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber. King EDWARD, Dukes of CLARENCE and BUCKINGHAM, Earls of SUFFOLK, PEMBROKE, &c.

Edw. Good Buckingham, I thank thee for thy counsel,

Nor blame thy honest warmth ; I love this freedom,
 It is the birth-right of an Englishman,
 And doth become thee : what says noble Suffolk ?

Suff. I would not cross my royal master's will ;
 But, on my soul, I think, this nuptial league
 With France prepost'rous and impolitic
 It cannot last ; we are by nature foes,
 And nought but mutual poverty and weakness
 Can ever make us friends—she wants our aid
 Against the pow'rful Burgundy, and therefore
 Throws out this lure of beauty to ensnare you,
 That purpose gain'd, she turns her arms against us.

Pemb. Why, let her : if she comes with hostile arm,
 England, thank Heav'n, is ready to receive her :
 I love my country, and revere my king,
 As much perhaps as honest Buckingham,

Or my good fearful lord of Suffolk here,
 Who knows so well, or would be thought to know,
 What France will do hereafter: yet I think,
 The faith of nations is a thing so sacred,
 It ought not to be trifled with—I hate
 As much as you th' unnatural forc'd alliance,
 And yet, my lords, if Warwick is empow'r'd,
 For so I hear he is, to treat with Lewis,
 I know not how in honour you can swerve
 From his conditions. [Shouting.]
 Hark! the hero comes:
 Those shouts proclaim him near: the joyful people
 Will usher in their great deliverer
 As he deserves.

SCENE III.

Enter WARWICK.

Edw. Thrice welcome, noble Warwick,
 Welcome to all! [To Clarence, Pembroke, &c.]

Suff. You've had, my lord, I fear,
 An arduous task, which few could execute.
 But Warwick, in the council and the field,
 Alike distinguish'd, and alike successful.

Edw. What says our cousin France?

Warw. By me, my liege,
 He greets you well, and hopes in closer ties
 United soon to wear a dearer name.
 At length, thank Heav'n! the iron gates of war

Are clos'd, and peace displays her silken banners
O'er the contending nations, ev'ry doubt
Is now remov'd, and confidence establish'd,
I hope, to last for ages.

Edw. Peace, my lord,
Is ever welcome; 'tis the gift of Heav'n,
The nurse of science, art's fair patroness,
And merit's best protector; but if France
Would chain us down to ignominious terms,
Cramp our free commerce, and infringe the rights
Of our liege subjects, England may repent
Too late her rash credulity, and peace
With all her blessings may be bought too dear.

Warw. The shame would then be his, who made
the purchase.

If any doubt my faith, my honest zeal
For thee and for my country, let him speak,
And I will answer: punish me, just Heav'n,
If in the task I have consulted aught
But England's honour, and my sov'reign's glory!

Edw. Mistake me not, good Warwick, well I know
Thy spotless truth, thy honour, and thy love;
But glory has no farther charms for me:
Rais'd by thy pow'rful aid to England's throne,
I ask no more: already I am great
As fame and fortune with their smiles can make me,
And all I wish for now is—to be happy.

Warw. That too, my liege, hath been thy War-
wick's care:

Happy thou shalt be if the fairest form

That ever caught a gazing lover's eye,
 Join'd to the sweetest, most engaging virtues
 Can make thee so:—Bona accepts with joy
 Thy proffer'd hand: she is indeed a gem
 Fit to adorn the brightest crown: to see
 Is to admire her; trust me, England's self
 The seat of beauty, and the throne of love,
 Boasts not a fairer.

Edw. Beauty, good my lord,
 Is all ideal, 'tis the wayward child
 Of fancy, shifting with the changeful wind
 Of fond opinion; what to you appears
 The model of perfection, may disgust
 My strange capricious taste.

Warw. Such charms would fix
 Inconstancy itself:—her winning virtues,
 Ev'n if her beauty fail'd, would soon subdue
 The rebel heart, and you would learn to love her.

Edw. Is passion to be learn'd then? wouldst thou
 make

A science of affection, guide the heart,
 And teach it where to fix? impossible!
 'Tis strange philosophy. [*Rises and comes forward.*
 My lord of Warwick,
 Your zeal in England's, and in Edward's cause
 Merits our thanks; but for the intended marriage
 With France's daughter—it may never be.

Warw. Not bel it must: your sacred word is pass'd,
 And cannot be recall'd; but three days since
 I sign'd the contract, and my honour's pledg'd

For the performance : Heav'ns! whilst fickle France
Is branded 'midst the nations of the earth,
For breach of public faith, shall we, my liege,
Practise ourselves the vices we condemn,
Pass o'er a rival nation's ev'ry virtue,
And imitate their perfidy alone?

Edw. You'll pardon me, my lord, I thought it part
Of a king's pow'r to have a will, to see
With his own eyes, and in life's little feast,
To cater for himself; but 'tis, it seems,
A privilege his servants can refuse him.

Warw. And so they ought—the king, who cannot
conquer
His private int'rest for the public welfare,
Knows not his duty.

Edw. Kings, my lord, are born
With passions, feelings, hearts—like other men;
Nor see I yet, why Edward's happiness
Must fall a sacrifice to Warwick's honour.

Warw. My honour, sir, is yours; my cause your
own:

Who sent me, and whose image did I bear,
The image of a great and glorious king;
Or of a weak and wav'ring boy?—henceforth,
Choose from the herd of foaming sycophants,
Some needy slave for your mock embassy's,
To do your work, and stain the name of England
With foul reproach—Edward, I blush for thee,
And for my country; from this hour, expect

From injur'd France contempt, with deep resentment
For broken faith, and enmity eternal.

Edw. Eternal be it then; for, as I prize
My inward peace, beyond the pomp of state,
And all the tinsel glare of fond ambition,
I will not wed her.—Gracious Heav'n! what am I?
The meanest peasant in my realm may choose
His rustic bride, and share with her the sweets
Of mutual friendship and domestic bliss!
Why should my happier subjects then deny me
The common rights, the privilege of nature,
And in a land of freedom thus conspire
To make their king the only slave amongst 'em?

Warw. The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules,
Uncheck'd by reason and the pow'rful voice
Of friendship, which, I fear, is heard no more
By thoughtless Edward—'tis the curse of kings
To be surrounded by a venal herd
Of flatterers, that sooth his darling vices,
And rob their master of his subjects' love.
Nay, frown not, sirs, supported as ye are,
I fear you not,—which of this noble train,
These well-beloved counsellors and friends,
Assembled here to witness my disgrace,
Have urg'd you to this base, unmanly falsehood?
Shame on you all! to stain the spotless mind
Of uncorrupted youth, undo the work
Of Warwick's friendly hand, and give him back
A sov'reign so unlike the noble Edward.

Suff. My lord, we thank you for the kind suggestion,

Howe'er ill-founded, and when next we meet,
To give our voice in ought that may concern
The public weal, no doubt shall ask your leave
Ere we proceed.

Pemb. My Lord of Suffolk, speak
But for yourself; Warwick hath too much cause
To be offended: in my poor opinion,
Whate'er you courtiers think, the best support
Of England's throne are equity and truth;
Nor will I hold that man my sov'reign's friend,
Who shall exhort him to forsake his word,
And play the hypocrite: what tie shall bind
The subject to obedience, when his king,
Bankrupt in honour, gives the royal sanction
To perfidy and falsehood?

Buck. It becomes
But ill the Earl of Pembroke——

Edw. Good my lords——
Let us have no dissensions here; we met
For other purposes—some few days hence
We shall expect your counsel in affairs
Of moment—for the present urge no further
This matter—fare ye well.

[*The Council break up and disperse.*]

Edw. [*Comes up to War.*] Lord Warwick, keep
In narrower bounds that proud impetuous temper;
It may be fatal: there are private reasons——
When time befits we shall impart them to you;

Mean while—if you have friendship, love, or duty,
No more of Bona—I'm determin'd. [Exit Edw.]

SCENE IV.

Warw. So :

'Tis well, 'tis very well : I have deserv'd it ;
I've borne this callow eagle on my wing,
And now he spurns me from him : 'tis a change
I little look'd for, and sits heavy on me :
Alas ! how doubly painful is the wound,
When 'tis inflicted by the hand we love !
Cruel, ungrateful Edward ! ——
Ha ! who's here ?
The captive queen ! if she has ought to ask
Of me, she comes in luckless hour, for I
Am pow'rless now.

SCENE V.

Enter MARGARET of ANJOU.

Warw. Will Margaret of Anjou
Thus deign to visit her acknowledg'd foe ?
Marg. Alas ! my lord, inur'd to wretchedness
As I am, and familiar with misfortune,
I harbour no resentment ; have long since
Forgot that ever Warwick was my foe,
And only wish to prove myself his friend.

Warw. Talk not of friendship, 'tis an empty name,
And lives but in idea ; once indeed
I thought I had a friend.—

Marg. Whose name was—Edward ;
Read I aright, my lord, and am I not
A shrewd diviner ? Yes ; that down-cast eye
And gloomy aspect say I am : you look
As if the idol made by your own hands,
Had fall'n upon and crush'd you, is't not so ?

Warw. Amazement ! nought escapes thy piercing
eye,

And penetrating judgment : 'tis too true,
I am a poor disgrac'd, dishonour'd slave,
Not worth thy seeking ; leave me, for the tide
Of court preferment flows another way.

Marg. The feast, perhaps, you have provided,
suits not

With Edward's nicer palate ; he disdains,
How sweet soe'er, to taste a foreign banquet,
And relishes no dainties but his own :
Am I again mistaken ?

Warw. Sure thou deal'st
With some all-knowing spirit, who imparts
Each secret purpose to thee, else how knew'st thou
That Edward had refus'd to wed the princess ?

Marg. O ! it requires no supernatural aid
To trace his actions, nor has Marg'ret trod
The paths of life with unobserving eye ;
I could have told you this long since—for know,
The choice is made, the nuptial rites prepar'd,

Which, but for your return, as unexpected
As undesired, had been, ere this, complete;
And, as in duty bound, you then had paid
Your due obedience to our—English queen.

Warw. Determin'd, say'st thou? Gracious Heaven!
'tis well

I am return'd.

Marg. Indeed, my lord, you came
A little out of season, 'twas unkind
To interrupt your master's happiness,
To blast so fair a passion in its bloom,
And check the rising harvest of his love.

Warw. Marg'ret, I thank thee—yes, it must be so:
His blushes, his confusion, all confirm it,
And yet I am amaz'd, astonish'd.

Marg. Wherefore? —

Is it so strange a youthful prince should love?
Is it so strange, a mind, unfraught with wisdom,
And lifted high with proud prosperity,
Should follow pleasure thro' the crooked paths
Of falsehood, should forsake a useless friend,
For the warm joys of animating beauty?

Warw. No: but 'tis strange, that he who knows
how much

He ow'd to Warwick: he, who ev'ry hour
Tastes the rich stream of bounty, should forget
The fountain whence it flow'd.

Marg. Alas! my lord,
Had you been chasten'd in affliction's school
As I have been, and taught by sad experience

To know mankind, you had not fall'n a prey
To such delusion.

Warw. Was it like a friend,
Was it like Edward to conceal his love?
Some base, insinuating, artful woman,
With borrow'd charms, perhaps——

Marg. Hold, hold, my lord,
Be not too rash : who fights in darkness oft
May wound a bosom friend : perhaps you wrong
The best, and most accomplish'd of her sex.

Warw. Know you the lady ?

Marg. But as fame reports,
Of peerless beauty and transcendent charms,
But for her virtue——I must ask of——you——

Warw. Of me ! What virtues ? Whose ?

Marg. Elizabeth's.

Warw. Amazement ! no : it must not, it cannot be :
Elizabeth ! he could not, dare not do it !

Confusion ! I shall soon discover all. [*Aside.*]

But what have I to do with Edward's choice,
Whoe'er she be, if he refuses mine ?

Marg. Dissimulation sits but ill, my lord,
On minds like yours : I am a poor weak woman,
And so, it seems, you think me ; but suppose
That same all-knowing spirit which you rais'd,
Who condescends so kindly to instruct me,
Should whisper——Warwick knows the pow'r of love
As well as Edward, that Elizabeth
Was his first wish, the idol of his soul ;
What say you ?——Might I venture to believe it ?

Warw. Marg'ret, you might; for 'tis in vain to hide
A thought from thee; it might have told you too,
If it be so, there is not such a wretch
On earth as Warwick: give me but the proof—

Marg. Lord Suffolk was last night dispatch'd to
Grafton,
To offer a share in Edward's throne.

Warw. Which she refus'd: did she not, Marg'ret?
Say

She did.

Marg. I know not that, my lord, but crowns
Are dazzling meteors in a woman's eye;
Such strong temptations, few of us, I fear,
Have virtue to resist.

Warw. Elizabeth
Has ev'ry virtue, I'll not doubt her faith.

Marg. Edward is young and handsome.

Warw. Curses on him!
Think'st thou he knew my fond attachment there?

Marg. O, passing well, my lord, and when 'twas
urg'd

How deeply 't would affect you, swore by Heav'n,
Imperious Warwick ne'er should be the master
Of charms like hers; 'twas happiness, he said,
Beyond a subject's merit to deserve,
Beyond his hope to wish for or aspire to.

Warw. But for that Warwick, Edward's self had
been

A subject still—and—may be so—hereafter.
Thou smil'st at my misfortunes.

Marg. I must smile

When I behold a subtle statesman thus
Duped and deluded by a shallow boy,
Sent on a fruitless errand to expose
His country and himself—it was indeed
A master-stroke of policy, beyond,
One should have thought, the reach of years so green
As Edward's, to dispatch the weeping lover,
And seize the glorious opportunity
Of tampering with his mistress here at home.

Warw. Did Nevil, Rutland, Clifford, bleed for
this ?

Marg. For this doth Henry languish in a dungeon,
And wretched Marg'ret live a life of wo :
For this you gave the crown to pious Edward,
And thus he thanks you for his kingdom.

Warw. Crowns

Are baubles, fit for children like himself
To play with, I have scatter'd many of them :
But thus to cross me in my dearest hope,
The sweet reward of all my toils for him
And for his country ; if I suffer it,
If I forgive him, may I live the scorn
Of men, a branded coward, and old age
Without or love or reverence be my portion !
Henceforth, good Marg'ret, know me for thy friend,
We will have noble vengeance :—are there not
Still left amongst the lazy sons of peace,
Some busy spirits who wish well to thee,
And to thy cause ?

Marg. There are ; resentment sleeps,
But is not dead ; beneath the hollow cover
Of loyalty, the slumb'ring ashes lie
Unheeded, Warwick's animating breath
Will quickly light them into flames again.

Warw. Then, Edward, from this moment I abjure
thee :

O, I will make thee ample recompence
For all the wrongs that I have done the house
Of Lancaster :—go, summon all thy friends ;
Be quick, good Marg'ret, haste ere I repent,
And yield my soul to perjur'd York again.
The king, I think, gives you free liberty
To range abroad.

Marg. He doth, and I will use it,
As I would ever use the gift of foes,
To his destruction.

Warw. That arch-pandar, Suffolk,
That minister of vice—but time is precious ;
To-morrow, Marg'ret, we will meet in private,
And have some further conference ; mean time
Devise, consult, use ev'ry means against
Our common foe : remember, from this hour,
Warwick's thy friend—be secret and be happy.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Marg. What easy fools these cunning statesmen are,
With all their policy, when once they fall

Into a woman's pow'r! This gallant leader,
This blust'ring Warwick, how the hero shrunk
And lessen'd to my sight!—Elizabeth,
I thank thee for thy wonder-working charms;
The time perhaps may come, when I shall stand
Indebted to them for—the throne of England.

*Proud York beware, for Lancaster's great name
Shall rise superior in the lists of fame:
Fortune, that long had frown'd, shall smile at last,
And make amends for all my sorrows past.* [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter MARGARET, CLIFFORD, and Attendants.

Margaret.

DISPATCH these letters straight; to Scotland—this
To the French Envoy—these to th' Earl of Pembroke.

[*To a gentleman.*

Thus far, my friend, hath fortune favour'd us

[*Turning to Lady Clifford.*

Beyond our hopes: the soul of haughty Warwick
Is all on fire, and puling Edward loves

With most romantic ardour—O my Clifford,

You would have smil'd to see how artfully

I play'd upon him: flatter'd, sooth'd, provok'd,

And wrought him to my purpose: we are link'd

In firmest bonds of amity and love.

Cliff. Hath Warwick then so soon forgot his Edward ?

Think'st thou the frantic earl will e'er exert
His ill-directed powers to pull down
The royal structure, which himself had rais'd ?
Never.

Marg. What is there disappointed love
And unrestrain'd ambition will not do ?
I tell thee, we are sworn and cordial friends.

Cliff. Thou know'st he hates the house of Lancaster.

Marg. No matter—he has marvellous good skill
In making kings, and I—have business for him.

Cliff. And canst thou then forget the cruel wrongs,
The deep-felt inj'ries of oppressive Warwick,
To join the hand that forg'd thy husband's chains,
And robb'd thee of a crown ?

Marg. But what—my Clifford,
If the same hand that ravish'd should restore it !
'Tis a court friendship, and may last as long
As interest shall direct : I've not forgot,
No, nor forgiv'n ; I hate, abhor, detest him,
But I will use him as my instrument,
My necessary tool, I'll make him draw
His trait'rous sword, to sheath it in the breast
Of him he loves, then point it to his own :
Yes, Clifford, I have twin'd me round his heart ;
Like the fell serpent crept into his bosom,
That I might sting more surely : he shall perish ;
I keep him for the last dear precious morsel,
To crown the glorious banquet of revenge.

Cliff. 'Tis what he merits from us, yet th' attempt
Were dangerous, he is still the people's idol.

Marg. And so perhaps shall Marg'ret be ; applause
Waits on success ; the fickle multitude,
Like the light straw that floats along the stream,
Glide with the current still and follow fortune.
Our prospect brightens every hour :—the people
Are ripe for a revolt : by civil wars,
Long time inur'd to savage scenes of plunder
And desolation, they delight in war :
These English heroes, when once flesh'd with
slaughter,

Like the keen mastiff, lose not soon the track
Of vengeance, nor forget the taste of blood.

Cliff. What further succours have we to depend on,
Beside Earl Warwick's ?

Marg. O, his name alone
Will be an army to us.

Cliff. If we have it :
Resentment is a short-liv'd passion——what
If Warwick should relent, and turn again
To Edward ?

Marg. Then I have a bosom friend :
That shall be ready to reward him for it ;—
But I have better hopes : without his aid ;
We are not friendless : Scotland's hardy sons
Who smile at danger, and defy the storm,
Will leave their barren mountains to defend
That liberty they love : add to the aid

Of gallant Pembroke, and the pow'rs which France
Will send to vindicate her injur'd honour :
Ere Edward can collect his force and take
The field, we shall be thirty thousand strong.

Cliff. But what becomes of the young prince ?

Marg. Aye ; there

I am indeed unhappy, O my child,
How shall I set him free ?—hear, Nature, hear
A mother's pray'r ! O guide me with thy counsel,
And teach me how to save my darling boy.
—Aye, now I have it : monitress divine,
I thank thee :—yes ; I wait but for the means
Of his escape ; then fly this hated palace,
Nor will return till I can call it mine.

SCENE II.

Enter EDWARD, and SUFFOLK.

Edw. I fear, we've gone too far : th' indignant
Warwick

Ill brook'd our steady purpose ; mark'd you, Suffolk,
With what an eye of scorn he turn'd him from us,
And low'r'd defiance—that prophetic woman !
Half of her curse already is fulfill'd,
And I have lost my friend.

Suff. Some friends, perhaps,
Are better lost : you'll pardon me, my liege,
But, were it fitting, I could tell a tale
Would soon convince you—Warwick is as weak—

Edw. As Edward, thou wouldst say.

Suff. But 'twill distress

Thy noble heart too much, I dare not, sir,
Yet one day you must know it.

Edw. Then by thee

Let it be told me, Suffolk, thy kind hand
Will best administer the bitter draught :

Go on, my Suffolk, speak, I charge thee, speak.

Suff. That rival whom you wish'd me to discover—

Edw. Aye, what of him ? quick, tell me, hast thou
found

The happy traitor ? give me but to know
That I may wreak my speedy vengeance on him.

Suff. Suppose that rival were the man whom most
You lov'd, the man, perhaps, whom most you fear'd ;
Suppose 'twere—Warwick.

Edw. Ha ! it cannot be :

I would not think it for a thousand worlds—

Warwick in love with her, impossible !

Now, Suffolk, do I fear thou speak'st from envy
And jealous hatred at the noble Warwick,
Not from the love of justice or of Edward ;
Where didst thou learn this falsehood ?

Suff. From the lips

Of truth, from one whose honour and whose word
You will not question ; from—Elizabeth.

Edw. From her I nay, then I fear—it must be so.

Suff. When last I saw her, for again I went
By your command, though hopeless of success,
With all the little eloquence that I

Was master of, I urg'd your ardent passion.
Told her how much, how tenderly you lov'd her,
And press'd with eagerness to know the cause
Of her unkind refusal, till at length
Reluctantly, with blushes she confess'd
There was a cause ;—she thank'd you for your goodness,
'Twas more, she said, much more than she deserv'd,
She ever should revere her king : and if
She had a heart to give it should be—Edward's.

Edw. So kind, and yet so cruel : well, go on.

Suff. Then told me all the story of her love,
That Warwick long had woo'd her—that her hand
Was promis'd ; soon as he return'd from France,
Though once her father cruelly oppos'd it,
They were by his consent to be united.

Edw. O never, Suffolk, may I live to see
That dreadful hour ! designing hypocrite.
Are these his arts, is this the friend I lov'd ?
By heav'n ! she shall be mine ; I will assert
A sov'reign's right, and tear her from him—what
If he rebel—another civil war !
'Tis terrible—O that I could shake off
This cumbrous garb of majesty that clings
So close around me, meet him man to man,
And try who best deserves her ! but when kings
Grow mad, their guiltless subjects pay the forfeit.
Horrible thought—good Suffolk, for a while
I would be private—therefore wait without,
Let me have no intruders ; above all,
Keep Warwick from my sight.—

SCENE III.

Enter WARWICK.

Warw. Behold him here;

No welcome guest, it seems, unless I ask
My lord of Suffolk's leave—there was a time
When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain
Admission here.

Edw. There was a time perhaps,
When Warwick more desir'd and more—deserv'd it.

Warw. Never; I've been a foolish faithful slave;
All my best years, the morning of my life,
Hath been devoted to your service: what
Are now the fruits? disgrace and infamy;
My spotless name which never yet the breath
Of calumny had tainted, made the mock
For foreign fools to carp at: but 'tis fit
Who trust in princes, should be thus rewarded.

Edw. I thought, my lord, I had full-well repay'd
Your services with honours, wealth, and pow'r
Unlimited: thy all-directing hand
Guided in secret ev'ry latent wheel
Of government, and mov'd the whole machine;
Warwick was all in all, and pow'rless Edward
Stood like a cypher in a great account.¹

Warw. Who gave that cypher worth, and seated
thee
On England's throne? thy undistinguish'd name
Had rotted in the dust from whence it sprang,

And moulder'd in oblivion, had not Warwick
Dug from its sordid mine the useless ore,
And stamp'd it with a diadem. Thou know'st
This wretched country, doom'd, perhaps, like Rome,
To fall by its own self-destroying hand,
Tost for so many years in the rough sea
Of civil discord, but for me had perish'd.
In that distressful hour I seiz'd the helm,
Bade the rough waves subside in peace, and steer'd
Your shatter'd vessel safe into the harbour.
You may despise, perhaps that useless aid
Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth,
He who forgets a friend, deserves a foe.

Edw. Know too, reproach, for benefits receiv'd
Pays ev'ry debt, and cancels obligation.

Warw. Why, that indeed is frugal honesty,
A thrifty saving knowledge, when the debt
Grows burthensome, and cannot be discharg'd,
A sponge will wipe out all, and cost you nothing.

Edw. When you have counted o'er the num'rous
train

Of mighty gifts your bounty lavish'd on me,
You may remember next the inj'ries
Which I have done you: let me know 'em all,
And I will make you ample satisfaction.

Warw. Thou canst not; thou hast robb'd me of a
jewel

It is not in thy pow'r to restore:
I was the first, shall future annals say,
That broke the sacred bond of public trust

And mutual confidence; ambassadors,
 In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,
 Of venal statesmen, shall recall my name
 To witness, that they want not an example,
 And plead my guilt, to sanctify their own.
 Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves
 That haunt your court, could none be found but
 Warwick,

To be the shameless herald of a lye ?

Edw. And wouldst thou turn the vile reproach on
 me ?

If I have broke my faith, and stain'd the name
 Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels
 That urg'd me to it, and extorted from me
 A cold consent to what my heart abhor'd.

Warw. I've been abus'd, insulted, and betray'd ;
 My injur'd honour cries aloud for vengeance,
 Her wounds will never close !

Edw. These gusts of passion,
 Will but inflame them ; if I have been right
 Inform'd, my lord, besides these dang'rous scars
 Of bleeding honour, you have other wounds
 As deep, tho' not so fatal : such perhaps
 As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.

Warw. Elizabeth !

Edw. Nay, start not, I have cause
 To wonder most : I little thought indeed
 When Warwick told me I might learn to love,
 He was himself so able to instruct me ;
 But I've discover'd all. —————

Warw. And so have I ;

Too well I know thy breach of friendship there,
Thy fruitless base endeavours to supplant me.

Edw. I scorn it, sir—Elizabeth hath charms,
And I have equal right with you t' admire them :
Nor see I aught so godlike in the form,
So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,
That he alone should revel in the charms
Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.
I knew not of your love.

Warw. By Heav'n, 'tis false !
You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,
Whilst I was busy'd in the noble office,
Your grace thought fit to honour me withal,
To tamper with a weak unguarded woman,
To bribe her passions high, and basely steal
A treasure which your kingdom could not purchase.

Edw. How know you that ? but be it as it may,
I had a right, nor will I tamely yield
My claim to happiness, the privilege,
To choose the partner of my throne and bed :
It is a branch of my prerogative.

Warw. Prerogative !—what's that ? the boast of
tyrants :

A borrow'd jewel, glitt'ring in the crown
With specious lustre, lent but to betray,
You had it, sir, and hold it—from the people.

Edw. And therefore do I prize it ; I would guard
Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine :
But when proud faction and her rebel crew

Insult their sov'reign, trample on his laws,
And bid defiance to his pow'r, the people
In justice to themselves, will then defend
His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.

Warw. Go to your darling people then ; for soon,
If I mistake not, 'twill be needful ; try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
If I forbid them.

Edw. Is it so, my lord !
Then mark my words : I've been your slave too long,
And you have rul'd me with a rod of iron,
But henceforth know, proud peer, I am thy master,
And will be so : the king who delegates
His pow'r to others' hands, but ill deserves
The crown he wears.

Warw. Look well then to your own ;
It sits but loosely on your head, for know,
The man who injur'd Warwick never pass'd
Unpunish'd yet.

Edw. Nor he who threaten'd Edward—
You may repent it, sir—my guards there—seize
This traitor, and convey him to the tow'r,
There let him learn obedience.

*[Guards enter, seize Warwick, and endeavour to
disarm him.]*

Warw. Slaves, stand off :
If I must yield my sword, I'll give it him
Whom it so long has serv'd ; there's not a part
In this old faithful steel, that is not stain'd

With English blood in grateful Edward's cause.
 Give me my chains, they are the bands of friendship,
 Of a king's friendship, for his sake awhile
 I'll wear them.

Edw. Hence : away with him——

Warw. 'Tis well :

Exert your pow'r, it may not last you long ;
 For now, tho' Edward may forget his friend,
 That England will not.—Now, sir, I attend you.

[*Exit.*

Edw. Presumptuous rebel—ha ! who's here ?

SCENE IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My liege,
 Queen Marg'ret with the prince her son are fled ;
 In a few hours she hopes, for so we learn
 From those who have pursued her, to be join'd
 By th' Earl of Warwick, in his name it seems
 She has already rais'd three thousand men.

Edw. Warwick in league with her ! O Heav'n ! 'tis
 well

We've crush'd the serpent e'er his poison spread
 Throughout our kingdom—guard the palace gates,
 Keep double watch ; summon my troops together,—
 Where is my brother Clarence, Buckingham,
 And Pembroke ? we must check this foul rebellion.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Earl of SUFFOLK.

Suff. My liege, the Duke of Clarence——

Edw. What of him ?

Suff. Hath left the court ; this moment I beheld
him

In conference with Pembroke, who, it seems,
Is Marg'ret's firmest friend : 'tis whisper'd, both
Will join the queen.

Edw. Well : 'tis no matter : I
Have deeper cause for grief, he cannot feel
A brother's falsehood, who has lost a friend,
A friend like Warwick,—Suffolk, thou behold'st me
Betray'd, deserted by the man I lov'd ;
Treated with indifference by her
Whom I ador'd, forsaken by my brother,
And threaten'd by the subjects I protect,
Oppress'd on every side : but, thou shalt see,
I have a soul superior to misfortunes.
Though rebel Clarence wrings my tortur'd heart,
And faithless Warwick braves me, we will yet
Maintain our right——come on, my friend, thou
know'st,

Without his boasted aid, I could have gain'd
The crown, without him now I will preserve it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Tower. Enter the Earl of WARWICK.

Warwick.

MISTAKEN mortals plan delusive schemes
Of bliss, and call futurity their own,
Yet are not masters of a moment—this
Was the appointed time, the very day
Which should have join'd me to Elizabeth
In nuptial bonds:—O cruel memory,
Do not torment me—if there be a crime
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis—ingratitude.
'Tis now two years since Henry lost the crown;
And here he is, ev'n in this very prison
A fellow captive now : disgraceful thought !
How will he smile to meet his conqu'ror here !
O for that stoic apathy which lulls
The drowsy soul to sweet forgetfulness !
But 'twill not be :—Elizabeth, where art thou ?
Perhaps with Edward—O that thought distracts me :
It is, I fear, as Marg'ret said ; she's false.
But when I look around me, can I hope
To find one virtue left in human kind ?
My Pembroke too ! am I so soon forgotten ?
O no ; he comes——

SCENE II.

Enter the Earl of PEMBROKE.

Pemb. My friend !

Warw. My Pembroke, welcome :

Thee I have found most just and kind ;

But, in the darkness of adversity

The jewel friendship shines with double lustre.

Pemb. I am not of the insect train that bask

In fortune's sunshine, and when ev'ning damps

Arise, are seen no more : no, Warwick, what

I speak, I mean : you have been hardly treated.

Warw. O ! Pembroke, didst thou know but half
the wrongs

That I have suffer'd, thou wouldst pity me.

Pemb. I would do more, much more, my War-
wick : he

Who only pities but insults the wretched ;

I come with nobler views, I come to tell thee,

That I have felt thy inj'ries as my own,

And will revenge them too.

Warw. How kind thou art

To feel for Warwick !

Pemb. Ev'ry honest breast

Must feel the inj'ries that a good man suffers :

Thine is the common cause of all : adieu

To English freedom, when our liberty

Shall be dependent on a sov'reign's nod,

When years of honest service shall be paid

With infamy and chains.

Warw. I've not deserv'd them.

Pemb. Nor shalt thou wear them long: for thou
hast great

And pow'rful friends—the noble Duke of Clarence.
Behold his signet—this, my Warwick, gain'd me
Admission here—we must be secret.

Warw. Ha!

Then I am not forsaken: Clarence!

Pemb. Yes:

The gallant youth, with honest zeal, declar'd
He lov'd his brother much, but justice more.

Warw. Then, Edward, I defy thee: gen'rous
Clarence!

Thou know'st, the man who thus could treat a
friend,

Would soon forget a brother—but say, Pembroke,
How stands the Duke of Buckingham?

Pemb. Fast bound

To Edward; he and that smooth courtier Suffolk
Are the two rotten pillars that support
His tott'ring throne: but Marg'ret——

Warw. Aye: how fares

My new ally? has she escaped the tyrant?

Pemb. She has: and by some wondrous means
contriv'd

To free her captive son.

Warw. Tho' I abhor,

I must admire that enterprising woman:
Her active mind is ever on the wing
In search of fresh expedients, to recover
The crown she lost.

Pemb. Already she has rais'd

A pow'rful army ; all the secret foes
Of York's ambitious line rush forth in crowds,
And join her standard : ere to-morrow's sun
Shall dawn upon us, she will set thee free.

Warw. O! Pembroke, nothing wounds the gen'rous
mind

So deep as obligations to a foe.

Is there no way to liberty, my friend,
But through the bloody paths of civil war ?

Pemb. I fear there is not.

Warw. Then it must be so :

I could have wish'd—but freedom and revenge
On any terms are welcome.

Pemb. Here then join we
Our hands——

Warw. Our hearts.

Pemb. Now, Warwick, be thou firm
In thy resolves ; let no unmanly fears,
No foolish fond remembrance of past friendship
Unnerve thy arm, or shake thy steady purpose.

Warw. No : by my wrongs it shall not : once, thou
know'st,

I lov'd him but too well, and this vile prison
Is my reward,—O give me but the use
Of this once pow'rful arm, and thou shalt see
How it shall punish falsehood.—Are thy forces
Prepar'd ?

Pemb. They are, and wait but for my orders ;
Clarence will join us soon : our first great end

Is to secure thy liberty ; that done,
We haste to seize the palace and redeem
The fair Elizabeth.

Warw. Redeem her, ha !
Is she a captive too ?

Pemb. A willing slave ;
A gay state pris'ner, left to roam at large
O'er the young monarch's palace.

Warw. Aye, my Pembroke,
That's more inviting than a prison :—O
She's false, she's false—who sent her there ?

Pemb. She came
It seems, to thank him for his royal bounties
To her good father, the new Earl of Rivers,
Who will no doubt persuade her to accept—

Warw. Of Edward's hand—distraction ! fly, my
friend,
Haste thee to Marg'ret, tell her if she hopes
For Warwick's aid, she must release him now,
Ere Edward's ill-tim'd mercy shall prevent her.

Pemb. I go : my friend, adieu ! when next we
meet,
I hope to bring thee liberty. [Exit.

Warw. Farewell.
She's lost : she's gone : that base seducer Edward,
Hath wrought on her weak mind, it must be so.

SCENE III.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord,
The Lady Elizabeth.

Warw. Amazement! sure

It cannot be! admit her, sir—why, what [*Exit Mess.*]
Could bring her here? Edward has sent her hither,
To see if I will crouch to him for pardon;
Be still, my jealous heart.—

SCENE IV.

Enter ELIZABETH.

Eliz. My Warwick!

Warw. 'Tis a grace I look'd not for,
That a fair fav'rite, who so late had tasted
The pleasures of a court, should condescend
To visit thus a poor abandon'd captive.

Eliz. I come to take my portion of misfortune,
To pour the balm of comfort in, and heal,
If possible, the wounds which I had made.
Too well I know I was the fatal cause
Of all thy sorrows,—but the noble Edward,
For so indeed he is——

Warw. And art thou come,
To plead the cause of him who sent me hither?

Eliz. I came to be the messenger of peace,

To calm thy troubled soul, and give thee rest,
To teach my Warwick to forget his wrongs.

Warw. Forget my wrongs! was that thy errand
here,

To teach me low submission to a tyrant;
To ask forgiveness, kneel and deprecate
The wrath of blust'ring Edward? If thou com'st
On terms like these to bring me freedom, know
It will not be accepted: now I see
Through all your arts, by Heav'n, I'd rather lose
A thousand lives, than owe one to his bounty.

Eliz. Either my Warwick is much chang'd, and so
I fear he is, or he would never talk
Thus coldly to me, never would despise
A life so precious, if he knew how much
Elizabeth had suffer'd to preserve it.
The gallant Edward, won by my entreaties——

Warw. Entreaties! didst thou then descend so low,
As to entreat him for me?

Eliz. Hadst thou seen,
When I implor'd him to forgive my Warwick,
How kind he look'd, how his repenting heart
Heav'd with the pangs of agonizing friendship,
Thou wouldst have pity'd him.

Warw. Deceitful woman,
I see thy falsehood now, I am betray'd,
And thou art leagu'd with Edward to destroy me.
Go to your royal lover, and unite
Those only fit companions for each other,
A broken friendship, and a perjur'd love:

Give up discarded Warwick, and to make
The compact firm, cement it with my blood.

Eliz. I thought the soul of Warwick far above
Such mean suspicions—Shall the man, whose truth,
Whose constancy, and love have been so long
My bright example, shall he stoop so low,
As thus to listen to an idle tale
Told by some prating courtier ? if indeed
Thou couldst believe it, I should pity thee.

Warw. Where is your father, the new Earl of
Rivers ?

Why sends he not his forces to our aid ?

Eliz. He cannot : honour, gratitude, forbid,
That he should lift up his rebellious arm
Against his benefactor ! well thou know'st,
Of late, when civil discord reign'd amongst us,
He fought with Henry, and with Henry fell :
When injur'd Edward gen'rously forgave,
Restor'd his forfeit lands, and late advanc'd him
To rank and title.

Warw. Infamy and shame ;
The common nets which fearful knav'ry spreads
To catch ambition's fools : mean sordid bribes ;
We know the treasure they were meant to purchase.

Eliz. Unkind suggestion ! how have I deserv'd it ?
Have I for this refus'd a youthful monarch,
And spurn'd his offer'd sceptre at my feet,
To be reproach'd at last by cruel Warwick ?
Had I once listen'd to him ! had these eyes
Been dazzled with the splendour of a court,

I need not thus have chang'd it for a dungeon.
But since I am suspected, witness Heav'n,
And witness Warwick to my vows! henceforth,
Dear as thou art, I cast thee from my love;
Elizabeth will never wed—a traitor.

Warw. Am I awake, and did Elizabeth
Say she would never wed her faithful Warwick?
Then bear me witness too, all-judging Heav'n!
Here yield I up all visionary dreams
Of future bliss, of liberty, or life.
Ev'n the sweet hope of vengeance, that alone
Sustain'd my spirit, loses all its charms;
I wish'd for freedom but to purchase thine:
For life, but to enjoy it with my love,
And she disclaims me.

Eliz. Heav'n forbid! O Warwick,
Let not the tide of passion thus overwhelm
Thy reason.

Warw. Canst thou pardon me? thou know'st
Th' unguarded warmth, the weakness of my nature.
I would not wrong thee, but I've been so oft,
So cruelly deceiv'd.

Eliz. I know thou hast;
But never by Elizabeth.

Warw. O no!
It is impossible that perfidy
Should wear a form like thine. [*Looking at her.*
I wonder not

That Edward lov'd, no; when I look on thee,
All beauteous, all enchanting as thou art:
By Heav'n! I think I could almost forgive him.

Eliz. Then wherefore not be reconcil'd ?

Warw. To whom ?

The author of my wrongs ? It cannot be :

Know, I have promis'd Marg'ret to destroy him.

Eliz. Destroy thy friend ! ungen'rous, cruel War-
wick,

Is't not enough that thou hast triumph'd here ?

Already we have pierc'd his noble heart

With the keen pangs of disappointed love :

And wouldst thou wound his breast with added sor-
rows ;

Wouldst thou involve a nation in his ruin ?

Warw. Elizabeth, no more : alas ! too well

Thou know'st, there is a powerful advocate

In Warwick's breast, that pleads for perjur'd Edward.

Eliz. Cherish the soft emotion : O my Warwick !—

Warw. That angel form can never plead in vain ;

But then, my friends—where is my solemn vow

To Marg'ret, and to Pembroke ? There's the tie ;

My honour's dearer to me——

Eliz. Than thy love ;

Dearer, much dearer, than Elizabeth ?

But I have done : farewell, my lord, I see

Thy deep resentment is not to be mov'd

By my weak influence o'er thee.

[*Going.*

Warw. Stay, I charge thee.

Eliz. What is this phantom, Honour, this proud idol

That tramples thus on every humble virtue ?

This cruel, bloody Molock, that delights

In human sacrifice ! O ! would to Heav'n

I were its only victim ! but with me,
You offer up your country and your king.

Warw. Think on my vow, think on my promise
given.

Eliz. Thy league with Marg'ret must be fatal :
grant

We should succeed, and Lancaster once more
Assume the throne ; how dear the victory,
That's purchas'd with our fellow-subjects blood !
Alas ! such triumphs make the conqu'ror weep.
But if we fail——

Warw. Impossible !

Eliz. O ! think

Betimes ! what dreadful punishments await
The vanquish'd rebel : thou, perhaps, my love,
Shalt then be doom'd on th' ignominious block
To fall inglorious ; and, when thou art gone,
Who shall defend thy poor Elizabeth ?

Warw. Alarming thought ! It staggers my firm
purpose,
And makes me half a villain.

SCENE V.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Madam, the king demands your presence, I
Have orders to convey you to the palace.

Warw. And wilt thou leave me ?

Eliz. This, my Warwick, this

Is the decisive moment, now determine,
Accept of mercy, ere it be too late ;
Ere hasty Edward——Shall I say thou wilt
Return to thy obedience, and receive
Thy pardon ? Shall I ? Speak my love.

Warw. Perhaps

I may accept it, if 'tis brought by thee.

Eliz. Then we shall meet in happiness——

Warw. Farewell !

[*Exit Eliz.*]

SCENE VI.

Warw. Now to those worst companions in affliction,
My own sad thoughts again ; they're gloomy all,
And, like my habitation, full of horror.
I like not Edward's message—if he hears
My league with Margaret, he still has pow'r
To make me feel his rage : I have deserv'd it——

[*A trampling heard without.*]

Methought I heard a noise—this way they come,
Perhaps it is the messenger of death——

SCENE VII.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. The messenger of vengeance—see her sword ;
Accept it and be free. — [*Offers the sword.*]

Warw. First let me know
To whom I am indebted for't.

Pemb. To me.

Soon as the rumour of thy foul disgrace
Had reach'd the public ear, th' impatient people
Uncertain of thy fate, tumultuous throng'd
Around the palace, and demanded thee ;
Give us our Warwick, give us back, they cry'd,
Our hero, our deliverer—I stepp'd forth
And bade them, instant, if they wish'd to save
The best of men from infamy and death,
To follow me: transported they obey'd :
I led them hither: forc'd the prison gates,
And brought thee this—direct it as thou wilt.

[*Gives the sword.*]

Warw. Welcome once more, thou dearest gift of
Heav'n,

Immortal liberty! my friend, I thank thee.
O Pembroke, wouldst thou hadst been here! my love,
My dear Elizabeth is true.

Pemb. At least
You think so.

Warw. She has told me such sweet truths ;
Edward repents him sorely, he is griev'd
At his ingratitude.

Pemb. And well he may ;
I fear thou art betray'd : alas! my Warwick,
Thy open, gen'rous, unsuspecting virtue,
Thinks ev'ry heart as honest as thy own.
Thou know'st not Edward—nor Elizabeth.
The kingdom is in arms, and ev'ry hour,
It is expected France will join the queen:

England will want its great protector's aid.
Edward and Rivers have conspired to cheat
Thy credulous ear, and who so fit to spread
The flimsy web as thy Elizabeth,
Their fair ambassadress ? I see thou'rt caught.

Warw. By Heav'n, it may be so : I am the sport
Of fortune and of fraud.

Pemb. Away, my friend :
It is not now a time to think of her :
Marg'ret, supported by thy pow'rful name,
And join'd by Clarence, waits us at the head
Of fifteen thousand men, who, eager all
To crush a tyrant, and pull down oppression,
Attend thy wish'd-for presence ; not a soldier
Will act or move till Warwick shall direct them.
Edward and England's fate depend on thee.

Warw. Away, my friend, I'll follow thee.

[*Exit* Pembroke.]

Yet stop
A moment—let not passion hurry me
To base dishonour—if my country calls.
For Warwick's aid, shall I not hear her voice,
And save her ? Pembroke may have private views,
And subtle Marg'ret too—Elizabeth !
I must not lose thee—O ! direct me, Heav'n ! [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth.

THE royal pardon came too late, and Pembroke
Already has releas'd him; he is gone—
Elizabeth may never see him more.
A thousand terrors haunt me, a fond father,
A guiltless sov'reign, a distracted lover,
Fame, fortune, friends, and country, all depend
On one eventful moment—hark! the sound
Of distant groans; perhaps the king—perhaps
My Warwick bleeds. O! agonizing thought!
Great God of armies, whose all-guiding hand
Directs the fate of nations, O! look down
On thy own image, let not cruel discord
Divide their kindred souls! in pity hear,
Pour thy benignant spirit o'er their hearts,
And once more knit them in the bonds of peace!

SCENE II.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suff. The pray'r of innocence is always heard.

Eliz. Ha! Suffolk, whither hast'st thou? art thou
come—

Suff. I come to heal thy sorrows, lovely fair one,

To tell thee, Edward, and thy much-lov'd Warwick,
Once more are friends.

Eliz. Indeed ! O welcome news !

My joy's too great for utterance : tell me, Suffolk,
How was it ? Speak, is Warwick safe ? O Heaven !

Suff. A moment's patience, and I'll tell thee all.

Marg'ret, thou know'st, had rais'd a pow'rful force,
That doubled Edward's troops ; elate with pride,
And almost sure of victory, she urg'd
The tardy spearmen ; on they rush'd, as if

Secure of conquest : the unhappy king
Stood nobly firm, and seem'd to brave his fate,
When Warwick like a guardian god appear'd :

His noble mien and all-commanding look
Struck deep attention ; every eye was bent
Upon him, and an awful silence reign'd
O'er either host, he rais'd his voice on high,
And stop, he cry'd, your sacrilegious hands,
Nor touch my friend : who pierces Edward's breast,
Must pass through mine : I rais'd him to the throne,
And will support him there : to you I gave,
From you my fellow soldiers I expect him :
Howe'er the cruel wrongs have wounded me,
He never injur'd you, and, I—forgive him.

He spake, and instant through the gazing crowd
A murmur ran ; down dropp'd their nerveless arms,
As if enchanted by some magic pow'r,
And with one voice they cry'd, long live king Edward !

Eliz. How powerful is the tongue of eloquence,
When in the cause of virtue !—well, what follow'd ?

Suff. Encourag'd by the shouting soldiers, Edward
On like a modest virgin wishing came,
Yet fearful. Warwick with a bridegroom's speed,
To meet him flew; into each other's arms
They ran with speechless joy: the tender scene
Affected ev'ry heart, and the rough soldier,
Unused to melting sympathy, forgot
His ruthless nature, and dissolv'd in tears.

Eliz. Sweet reconciliation! then, Elizabeth,
Thou didst not plead in vain; but, say, how brook'd
The haughty queen this unexpected change?

Suff. Abash'd, confounded, for a while she strove
To stem the torrent, but in vain; then fled
Precipitate.

Eliz. But where, O where's my Warwick?

Suff. With a few chosen squadrons he pursues
The disappointed Marg'reret.

Eliz. O my fears!

I know not why, but at that hateful name
I tremble ever, my foreboding heart
Presages something dreadful.

Suff. Do not vex

Thy tender mind with visionary dangers.

Eliz. O! would to Heaven that he were shelter'd
here,

And safe within these arms!

Suff. Be not alarm'd:

He is the care of Heav'n, all good men love
All bad ones fear him.

Eliz. Such superior merit

Must have a thousand foes, the constant mark
Of envy's poison'd darts.

Suff. There Suffolk feels
The keen reproach; with blushes I confess
There was a time, when, urg'd by fond ambition,
I look'd on Warwick with a jealous eye:
But this last noble deed hath won my heart,
And I am now a convert to his virtues;
But see, the king approaches.

SCENE III.

Enter King EDWARD.

Edw. Health and peace,
And happiness to fair Elizabeth!
Thou art no stranger to the joyful news;
The lustre of those speaking eyes declares it.

Eliz. Suffolk, ev'n now, hath bless'd me with the
tidings.

Edw. O! 'tis amazement all: Elizabeth,
When last we met, thou wert the suppliant, now
'Tis I must ask forgiveness, I who injur'd
The dearest, best of men; O! thou hast sav'd
Edward from shame, and England from destruction.

Eliz. Did I not say my Warwick would be just?

Edw. Thou didst, and on those beauteous lips fair
truth

And soft persuasion dwell; long time he stood
Inflexible, and deaf to friendship's voice,

Listen'd to nought but all subduing love.
In after-times, thy name shall be enroll'd
Amongst the great deliv'ers of their country.

Eliz. I have no title to the lavish praise
Thy gen'rous heart bestows; I only said
What duty prompted, and what love inspir'd;
Indulgent Heav'n has crown'd it with success.

Edw. Thou hast done all: I am indebted to thee
For more, much more than I can e'er repay.
Long time, with shame, I own hath Warwick soar'd
Above me, but I will not be outdone
For ever by this proud aspiring rival:
Poor as I am, there yet is one way left
To pay the debt of gratitude I owe him,
One great reward for such exalted virtues,
Thyself, Elizabeth.

Eliz. What means my lord,
My royal master?

Edw. Yes; when next we meet
I will bestow it on him, will resign
All my fond claim to happiness and thee;
Tho, thy dear image ne'er can be effac'd
From Edward's breast, tho' still I dote upon thee,
Tho' I could hang for ever on thy beauties;
Yet will I yield them to their rightful lord;
Warwick has earn'd, Warwick alone deserves them.

Eliz. Would he were here to thank thee for this
goodness!
Know, gen'rous prince, Elizabeth has long
Admir'd thy virtues, and could love admit

Of a divided heart, the noble Edward
Would share it with his friend.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My royal liege,
The rebels are dispers'd, queen Marg'ret's son
Was slain in the pursuit—and she——

Edw. I hope
Secur'd——

Mess. Is taken pris'ner, and will soon
Be here——

Edw. But where's Lord Warwick?

Mess. Sir—the queen——

SCENE V.

Enter MARGARET, Prisoner.

Marg. Once more I am your prisoner.

Edw. 'Twill be prudent
Henceforth to keep you so.

Marg. You dare not!
Thou think'st, perhaps, that I shall sue to thee
For mercy: no; in Marg'ret of Anjou,
Thou seest the wife, and daughter of a king.
A spirit not to be subdu'd; though fall'n,
Triumphant still; and, though a prisoner, free.

For know, I bear a mind above the reach
Of fortune or of Edward—I have lost
All I could wish to live for in my child ;
And gain'd what most I wish'd to gain, revenge !
Or life or death are now indiff'rent to me.

Edw. For thy unbounded goodness, Power supreme,
Accept our praise !

Eliz. [*Kneeling.*] Accept our humble pray'r !

Marg. Insulting piety ! the common trick
Of hypocrites and slaves : when ye shall know
What Marg'ret knows, ye may not be so thankful.
Methinks 'tis pity Warwick is not here
To join in your devotion.

Eliz. Would to Heav'n
He were !

Marg. That monster, that perfidious slave,
Who broke his faith to Marg'ret, and to thee ;
Thy coward soul, unable to defend
The treasure thou hadst stolen, could meanly stoop
To court the traitor whom thou dar'st not punish.
Not so the injur'd Marg'ret—she repell'd
The wrongs she felt, and the deceiver met
The fate he merited.

Edw. What fate ?—Ev'n now,
Crown'd with immortal wreaths, the hero comes
To bless his friends, and punish guilt like thine.

Marg. Proud and deluded wretches ! I look down
With pity on you : captive as I am,
'Tis mine to judge and punish ; be it yours
To hear and tremble.

Edw. Ha!

Eliz. What can this mean?

Marg. If I mistake not, Warwick is your friend,
Your lover too, I think.

Eliz. My lord, my husband.

Marg. Know then, that friend, that lover, perjur'd
Warwick,
Hath not an hour to live.

Edw. What murth'rous hand——

Marg. Mine, tyrant, mine: think not I mean to
hide

The noble deed; it is my happiness,
It is my glory: thou wilt call me base,
Blood-thirsty, cruel, savage, and revengeful.
But here I stand acquitted to myself,
And ev'ry feeling heart that knows my wrongs.—
To late posterity dethroned queens
And weeping mothers shall applaud my justice.

Edw. Justice, on whom?

Marg. Can Edward ask me? Who
Imprison'd Henry, robb'd me of a crown,
And plac'd it on a proud usurper's head?
Who gave his sacred promise to a queen,
And broke it? who, for which indignant Heav'n
Chastis'd him, basely murder'd my sweet boy?
Bereft of honour, fortune, husband, child,
Depriv'd of ev'ry comfort, what remain'd
For me but vengeance, what for him but death?

Edw. What hast thou done? When? Where?
Speak, murth'ress, speak.

Marg. Press'd by surrounding multitudes, and made
A slave, they dragg'd me to the conqu'ror's tent,
There the first horrid object I beheld,
Was the pale corse of my poor bleeding child :
There—as th' insulting Warwick stood, and seem'd
To triumph o'er him—from my breast I drew
A poniard forth, and plung'd it in his heart.
Th' astonish'd soldiers throng'd around him, seiz'd
And brought me here—now to your pray'rs again.

[*Elizabeth faints.*

Edw. She faints, good Suffolk, help there, help,
support,

Assist her.—Lead her in.

[*Exit Elizabeth.*

If it be true,

As much I fear it is, a thousand deaths
Were punishment too little for thy guilt :
Thou shalt be tortur'd.

Marg. Tyrant, I defy thee ;
Thy threats appall not me : prepare your tortures,
Let them be sharp and cruel as thyself,
All that ingenious malice can suggest,
Or power inflict, 'twill be my comfort still,
They cannot be so great as those you feel.

Edw. Guards, take the monster hence, let her be
chain'd

In some deep dungeon, dark as her own thoughts,
There let her perish—hence, away with her.

Marg. Despair and horror visit thee—farewell—
He comes, my triumph is complete—look there !

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter WARWICK, leaning on Two Soldiers.

Warw. Where is he? Lead me, lead me to my king.

Edw. My Warwick! my preserver!—she shall bleed
For this in ev'ry vein.

Warw. Think not of her,
She has no power to hurt thee! and with guilt
Like hers, 'tis punishment enough to live:
This is no time for vengeance; death comes on
With hasty strides, 'tis but a little while,
A few short moments, and we part for ever.
My friend——

Edw. I am not worthy of the name,
For I disgrac'd, dishonour'd, murder'd thee;
Edward's unkindness was the cause of all:
Canst thou forgive me?

Warw. O! may Warwick's crimes
Ne'er meet forgiveness from offended Heav'n,
If from my soul I do not pardon, love,
And honour thee!

Edw. Away, let me support him;
'Tis the last office I shall e'er perform
For thee, my Warwick——Wilt thou lean upon me,
And seal my pardon with one kind embrace?

Warw. We never hated.

Edw. But my love was blind.

Warw. And blinder my resentment.

Edw. I forgot
Thy services.

Warw. And I remember'd not
Thou wert my king—My sweet Elizabeth,
Where is she? Edward, do not keep her from me,
We are no rivals now.

Edw. Shock'd at the news
Of thy untimely fate, she sunk beneath it,
And fainted in these arms: I seiz'd th' occasion,
And bade her weeping maidens bear her hence:
This would have been a dreadful sight indeed.

Eliz. [*Without.*] I can, I will support it.

Warw. Ha! that voice—
Sure 'tis Elizabeth's!

SCENE VII.

Enter ELIZABETH.

Eliz. O! give me way,
For I must see him—O! my Warwick!

Warw. O!
This is too much, the bitterness of death
Is to be sever'd thus from those we love.

Edw. Why would you bring her here?

[*To the Attendants.*]

Warw. Elizabeth,
Be comforted.

Eliz. O no, it is my doom
Never to taste of joy or comfort more:
No; from this hateful world will I retire,
And mourn my Warwick's fate, imploring Heav'n
That I may soon wear out my little store
Of hopeless days, and join thee in the tomb.

Warw. That must not be : I've done my friend a
wrong,

And only thou canst make atonement for it.
Thy hand, Elizabeth, if e'er thou lov'st,
Observe me now——thine, Edward.—For my sake
Cherish this beauteous mourner, take her from me,
As the last present of a dying friend.

Edw. If aught could make the precious gift more
dear,

It would be, Warwick, that it came from thee.
O! I will guard her with a parent's care
From every ill, watch over and protect her ;
And when the memory of thee shall awake,
As oft it will, her poignant griefs, repel
The rising sigh, wipe off the flowing tear,
And strive to charm her to forgetfulness.

Warw. Wilt thou indeed ? Then I shall die in peace.

Eliz. Yet thou may'st live.

Warw. Impossible :—I feel

The hand of death press cold upon my heart,
And all will soon be o'er—I've liv'd to save
My falling country, to repent my crimes,
Redeem my honour, and restore my king.

Edw. Alas ! my friend, the memory of thee
Will poison every bliss.

Warw. All-healing time

That closes ev'ry wound, shall pour its balm
O'er thine.—Mean while, remember Warwick's fate.
I gave my word to Margaret, and broke it ;
Heav'n is not to be mock'd, it soon o'ertakes us,
And in our crime we meet our punishment.

O, Edward! if thou hop'st that length of days,
And fair prosperity shall crown thy wishes,
Beware of passion and resentment—make
Thy people's good and happiness thy own,
Discourage faction, banish flatt'ers, keep
Thy faith inviolate, and reign in peace.
I can no more—My love! Have mercy, Heav'n! [*Dies.*

Edw. He's gone! —

Eliz. And with him all my hopes of bliss.

Edw. Let ev'ry honour to a soldier due,
Attend the hero to his tomb—mean while,
Deep in the living tablet of my heart,
Will I engrave thy words—illustrious shade!
Living thou wert my counsellor and friend,
And dead I will remember and obey thee.

Eliz. Warwick, farewell! I shall not long survive thee.

Edw. I hope thou wilt—Elizabeth, remember
His dying charge, think on thy promise giv'n.
Thou shalt remain with me, with me lament
Our common benefactor; we will sit
And talk together of my Warwick's virtues,
For I will try to emulate them all,
And learn, by copying him, to merit thee.
His great example shall inspire my breast
With patriot zeal, shall teach me to subdue
The power of faction, vanquish party rage,
And make me, what alone I wish to be,
The happy king of an united people. [*Exeunt omnes.*



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

EXHAUSTED quite with prisons, racks, and death,
Permit me here to take a little breath!

You who have seen my actions, known their springs,

Say, are we women such insipid things?

Say, lords of the creation, mighty men!

In what have you surpass'd us, where? and when?

I come to know to whom the palm is due,

To us weak vessels, or to stronger you?

Against your conqu'ring swords, I draw—my fan,

Come on!—now parry Marg'ret, if you can.

[Sets herself in a posture of defence.

Stand up, ye boasters! [To the Pit.] don't there sneaking
sit;

Are you for Pleasure, Politics, or Wit?

The Boxes smile to see me scold the Pit.

Their turn is next—and though I will not wrong 'em,

A woful havoc there will be among 'em.—

You, our best friends, [To the Pit.] love, cherish, and
respect us;

Not take our fortunes, marry, and neglect us.

You think indeed, that as you please, you rule us;

And with a strange importance often school us!

*Yet let each citizen describe a brother,
 I'll tell you what you say of one another.
 My neighbour leads, poor soul, a woful life,
 A worthy man—but govern'd by his wife !
 How, say you ? what, all silent ?—then, 'tis true :
 We rule the city—Now, great sirs, to you.*

[To the Boxes.

*What is your boast ?—Would you, like me, have done,
 To free a captive wife, or save a son ?
 Rather than run such danger of your lives,
 You'd leave your children, and lock up your wives.
 When with your noblest deeds a nation rings !
 You are but puppets, and we play the strings.
 We plan no battles—true—but out of sight,
 Crack goes the fan,—and armies halt or fight !
 You have th' advantage, Ladies—wisely reap it,
 And let me hint the only way to keep it.
 Let men of vain ideas have their fill,
 Frown, bounce, stride, strut,—while you, with happy skill,
 Take anglers, use the finest silken thread ;
 Give line enough—nor check the tugging head :
 The fish will flounder—you with gentle hand,
 And soft degrees, must bring the trout to land :
 A more specific nostrum cannot be—
 Probatum est—and never fails with Me.*

THE END.



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